

BILLY BOWLEGS

AND THE SEMINOLE WAR

"BILLY BOWLEGS IN NEW ORLEANS.

"NEW ORLEANS, *May*, 1858.

"**B**ILLY BOWLEGS, the King of the Everglades, has been with us. For a week he was our Lion-in-Chief. He has left us, and we now have leisure to think and talk of the crevasse, the British outrages, the cotton crop, filibustering, and other matters of secondary interest. When the news reached us, a fortnight ago, that Billy was actually taken, and, on the way to his new home in Arkansas, would honor our city with a brief visit, I felt that it was my duty to "take" him in another way, so that his royal features might be handed down to posterity in the pages of *Harper's Weekly*. I little knew the difficulty of the task I had undertaken; but having attempted it, I resolved to succeed, cost what it might.

"Our admirable photographer, Clark, placed the whole of his apparatus, together with the capital operator, Carden, at my disposal for this purpose. The kettle thus prepared, and the fire kindled, I set myself at work to catch my fish. In due time King Billy made his appearance. I took possession of him the moment he arrived, and never left him till I saw him on board the steamer

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Quapaw, en route for the Arkansas reservation. Brother never stuck to brother, creditor to debtor, limpet to rock, or office-seeker to a new President, as I did to Billy. It was a hard week's work; but perseverance conquers all things, and I send you—with my little bill annexed—the result of my efforts, in the shape of the portraits of his Majesty of the Everglades, his two brothers-in-law, his young wife, and last, but not least, his 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' the negro slave Ben Bruno."

The name of the steamer *Quapaw* that carried them up the Mississippi River on their way to Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, where their descendants still live, is the name of another famous tribe that lived long ago in the Mississippi Valley, but are now on the Quapaw Indian Reservation. Like the Seminole they have gradually faded away, and in 1900, including all mixed-bloods, hardly exceeded three hundred.

Billy Bowlegs' name has nothing to do with his legs. According to some authorities it is a corruption of the word "Bolek" or "Bowleck." Their negro slaves helped them corrupt English words. The very word "Yankee" was an attempt on the part of the Northern Indian to pronounce English. The negro corrupts a word into something that is easy and with which he is familiar, such as Wilgus into wildgoose, avocado into alligator pear, gato into gator, etc. Indians are however often bowlegged. Some attribute it to carrying

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heavy loads while young, others to the custom among the women of carrying their children astride the hip, others to constant horseback riding. I am of the opinion, however, that it is more likely due to a rachitic condition from poor food and insanitary conditions.

“Billy Bowlegs—his Indian name is HALPATTER-MICCO—is a rather good-looking Indian of about fifty years. He has a fine forehead, a keen black eye; is somewhat above the medium height, and weighs about 160 pounds. His name of ‘Bowlegs’ is a family appellation, and does not imply any parenthetical curvature of his lower limbs. When he is sober, which, I am sorry to say, is by no means his normal state, his legs are as straight as yours or mine. He has two wives, one son, five daughters, fifty slaves, and a hundred thousand dollars in hard cash. He wears his native costume; the two medals upon his breast, of which he is not a little proud, bear the likenesses of Presidents Van Buren and Fillmore.

“No-kush-adjo, his Inspector General, and the brother of his ‘old wife,’ is as fine a young fellow as you would care to see. He wears his picturesque Indian garb with the grace of the drapery of a Greek statue, and, with his silver circlet around his head, stalked along our streets with an air that seemed to imply that he honored the pale-faces by condescending to walk through their brick-and-mortar city.

“Long Jack, Billy’s Lieutenant, and the brother of his young wife, is much less prepossessing. The unflattering photograph gives a perfect representa-

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tion of his figure, features, and dress, even to the night-gown of gaudy calico, in which he evidently flattered himself that he was making a decided sensation. He is a perfect representative of those lazy, lounging savages who are sometimes seen in our villages, ready to shoot at a mark for the sake of a drink.

"Billy's young wife, who has no name, as far as I could learn, is a quiet, modest squaw, though her features bear a striking resemblance to those of her rakish brother, Long Jack. I was very desirous of adding to my collection the portraits of Billy's 'old wife' and her daughters, especially that of the elder, the 'Lady Elizabeth Bowlegs,' a good-looking lass of eighteen. But they 'kept themselves to themselves,' and very stoutly refused to have anything to do with me or anybody else."

The primitive peoples of the world are not so healthy as many think. The death rate is often high and many tribes have died out entirely, others are barely holding their own, and very few even in the wild state are on the increase. This was happening long before the white man appeared on the scene. Shortage of food often limited population among the Indians. They moved from place to place in search of new hunting grounds. Those agriculturally inclined did not always have bountiful crops, and besides there were frequent wars in which crops were destroyed or stolen. Their tools were few and very primitive and their struggles to live were hard and constant. Like the animals of the woods they had days of feasting and fast-

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ing, and the process of preserving food against depredation and decay was very difficult. Only the very strongest survived. No wonder they are silent and taciturn.

"Ben Bruno, the interpreter, adviser, confidant, and special favorite of King Billy, is a fine, intelligent-looking negro. Unlike his master, he shows a decided predilection for civilized life, and an early visit to a ready-made clothing establishment speedily transformed him into a very creditable imitation of a 'white man's nigger.' He has more brains than Billy and all his tribe, and exercises almost unbounded influence over his master. The negro slaves are, in fact, the masters of their red owners, who seem fully conscious of their own mental inferiority. If a Seminole wishes to convey a high idea of his own cunning, he will say, 'Ah, you no cheat *me*. I got real nigger wit.' The negroes were the master spirits, as well as the immediate occasion, of the Florida war. They openly refused to follow their masters if they removed to Arkansas; and it was not till they capitulated that the Seminoles thought of emigrating. The friendship of a man who has a hundred thousand dollars in cash, and two marriageable daughters, is worth cultivating. I would advise any one who wishes to get into the good graces of Billy Bowlegs to pay special attention to Ben Bruno.

"Billy Bowlegs is a direct descendant of the founder of the Seminole nation. A little more than a century ago, a noted Creek chief, named Secoffee, broke away from his tribe, and, with many followers, settled in the central part of the peninsula of Florida. They were followed by other bands,

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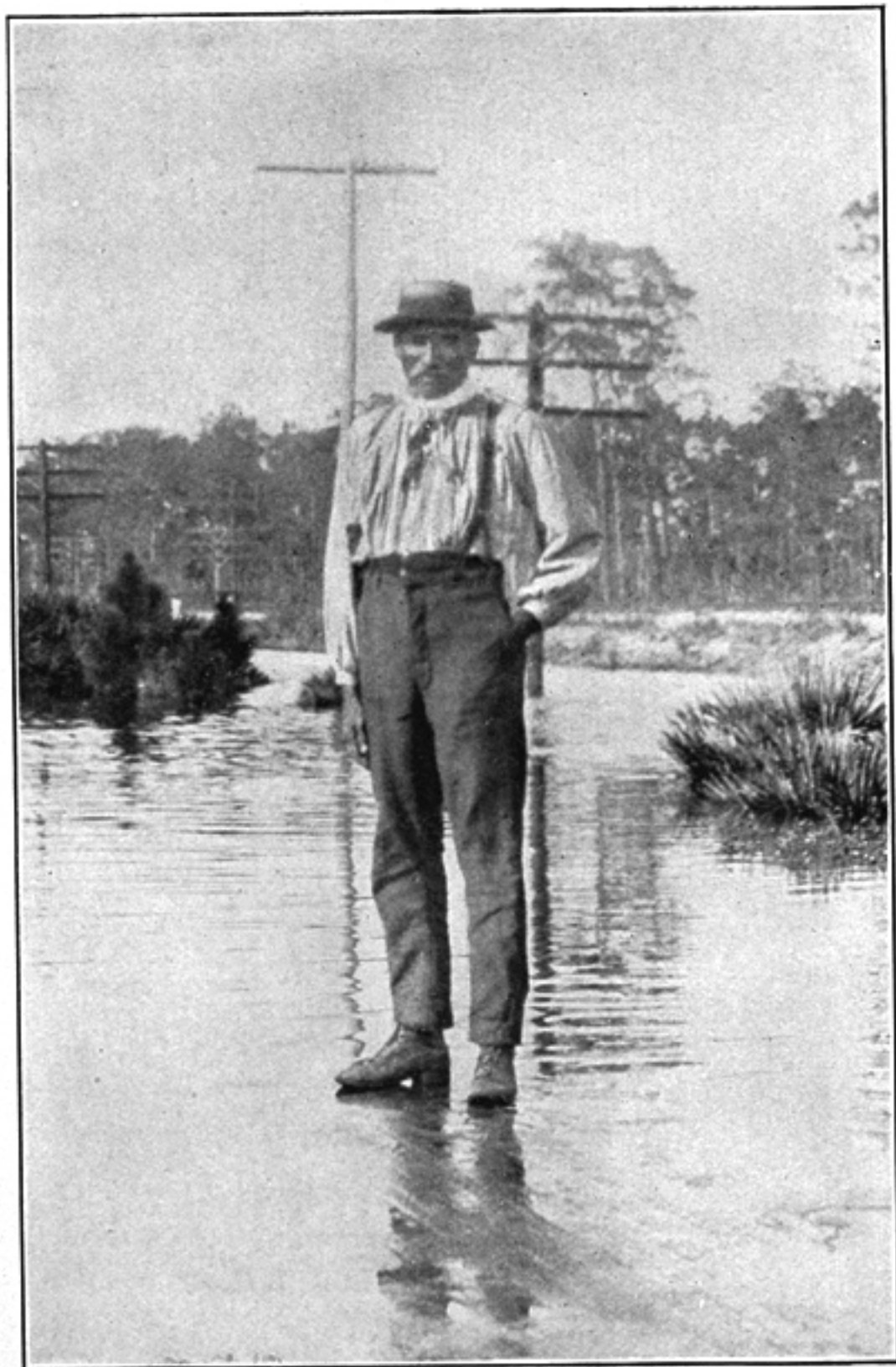
and all received the name of Seminoles, or 'Run-aways.' The Mickasukies, the legitimate owners of the country, at first opposed these emigrations, but they were too feeble to make any effectual resistance. In a short time all the Indians amalgamated, and joined in efforts to resist the white men—the common foe of all.

"Secoffee was a bitter enemy of the Spaniards, and a firm ally of the English. When Florida was re-ceded to the Spaniards, in 1784, he took the field against them. He died the next year, at the age of seventy, and was buried near the site of the present Fort King. When he felt that his end was near, he called his two sons, Payne and Bowlegs, and exhorted them to carry out his plans. The Great Spirit, he said, had revealed to him that, if he would be happy in a future state, he must cause the death of a hundred Spaniards. Fourteen of this number were still wanting; and he adjured his sons to make up the deficiency."

Although Billy Bowlegs only had two wives, an old one and a young one (not unlike many white men of to-day), he had fifty negro slaves, and the statement the writer makes in reference to the influence of the negro on the Indian bears out the statements of others. I have seen it myself with Western Indians. The negro is more aggressive and adaptable. He is happier even in bondage. I have seen Hindoos, Indians and negroes working together. The Hindoos excelled at hoeing, the Indians at picking berries and the negroes at cutting the bush. The negroes would chatter and



YOUNG WIFE OF BILLY BOWLEGS.



BILLY BOWLEGS OF OKEECHOBEE CITY, GRANDSON OF THE
FAMOUS CHIEF.

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sing but the Hindoos and American Indians were silent. A remarkable statement in this article is that the negroes openly refused to accompany their masters to Arkansas. This was one big factor in the prolongation of the war. It was the slavery question that had much to do with the trouble at the start. When the slaves ran away and joined the Indians and the Indians refused to surrender these slaves, it is easy to see how trouble was inevitable. Although the Indian technically owned the negro, the negro because of the knowledge acquired from living with the white man was his superior and boss. It is easy to see how the Indian became dependent upon the negro because of his knowledge of the white man and the white man's ways. I remember being told years ago while in Yucatan how certain Indian tribes on the South Coast captured white men and held them for years for the sole purpose of learning the white man's tricks. They would capture persons from other tribes for the same reason. The roving Navajos would kill the men of the Pueblos, capture the women and force them to make the blankets for which the Navajos are famous. The Navajo is about the only tribe that is self supportive and increasing in population, mainly due to the blanket business. The Navajo woman with a frame of sticks manufactures a blanket or rug or saddle cloth of wonderful design and rich coloring. No

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two are exactly alike. She puts her soul and thoughts into it. If bought direct from the Indians the price is right. In other parts of the U. S. A. there are factories with spindles and looms and no end of machinery producing blankets wholesale. Somewhere else there is a factory making machinery for the blanket factory and somewhere a factory making machinery for the factory that makes the machinery for the blanket factory and so on back to the mines where men are digging out metal and fuel to run these factories. This congestion of population produces insanitary conditions and all kinds of social difficulties. This necessitates big stores and big banks and big business in general which the Indian fails to comprehend.

Some of the alligator hides the Seminole collects go to Japan, where they are tanned and made into souvenirs to be sold in Florida, and the Seminole with some of the money buys a cheap blanket made in Germany out of cotton grown in Georgia.

It is not strange that the Indian does not comprehend what is happening around him. The white man in the midst of it does not understand it himself. He watches his hunting grounds being divided into lots and sold to green homeseekers from the frozen north. In his quaint and colorful dress he is used for advertising purposes. Little he cares if he is well paid and well fed. Little he knows and cares of surveys, deeds, mortgages and

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titles. His senses are keen and his memory good. He seldom bothers to thank you for a good turn but he never forgets it. His mind is stored with the countless details of everything around him. He knows his habitat far better than the white man knows his. He seldom gets lost even in places where he has never been.

It is said that social virtue held a high place with the Seminole and that banishment was the punishment for the breaking of this law, and that Billy Bowlegs himself was condemned to wander apart from his tribe for some time for some misdemeanor of this kind. It is, however, likely that the law was often broken and that the offenders were not always punished.

"In 1821 Florida was ceded to the United States. Emigrants began to pour in who demanded possession of the lands. The Indians were estimated at about four thousand, men, women, and children, with eight hundred negro slaves. Their villages were scattered from St. Augustine to the Appalachicola River. They consisted of log-huts, surrounded by cleared fields. It was vain for them to urge their claim to the country. Our Government recognized no such title in the Indians. In 1823 they were compelled to enter into a treaty making over to the whites the greater part of their lands, and restricting themselves within narrow bounds formally laid down.

"Still the white settlers pressed upon the Indians. A thousand pretexts for quarrels arose. Slaves ran away and joined the Indians, who refused to

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surrender them. The property of the whites was plundered, reprisals were made, and a border war seemed imminent, which must involve the extermination of the Indians. In 1832 Mr. Cass, then Secretary of War, directed Colonel Gadsden to negotiate with the Florida Indians for a total relinquishment of their lands in exchange for others west of the Mississippi River. With much difficulty Mr. Gadsden succeeded in inducing some of the Seminole chiefs to sign a treaty empowering a delegation to visit the country proposed to be allotted to them, and in case they were satisfied with it, the nation should cede all their Florida lands, and remove west of the Mississippi. This was the famous 'Treaty of Payne's Landing,' made on the 9th of May, 1832. The delegation visited the country, made their marks to a paper expressing themselves satisfied with it, and agreed that their nation should commence their removal as soon as satisfactory arrangements could be made. In this treaty the name of Halpatter-Micco appears for the first time in history. He was then a young man, a sub-chief of the band of Arpiucki, or 'Sam Jones.' It is noticeable that the names of the leading Seminole chiefs, especially that of Micanopy, the recognized head of the nation, were wanting in this treaty."

According to this statement the Seminole lived in log-huts. This is so since others have mentioned it. In those days they planted orange trees, grew rice, bananas, a kind of taro or dasheen, as well as beans, corn, and pumpkins. In their habits of living they have apparently

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not progressed, and aside from those living on the white man's bounty, are not so well off. To-day they live in open sheds made of poles and thatched with palmetto leaves. When they move about, and they appear to be moving much of the time, they use very little shelter except in wet weather. With your permission they will camp on your porch or in any old shed or make themselves at home in the shelter of an advertising sign. In wet weather their condition is often pitiful. In many instances I have seen the children suffering from the effects of cold and exposure. This together with a lack of immunity to the white-man's diseases accounts for the lack of increase in their numbers. Their families are usually very small. Although they do not like work (and in this respect they are not unlike other people—work is really doing the things that you do not want to do) and are considered dirty by some, which however does not apply to all, and although they do not make baskets or blankets or pottery like other Indians they are never-the-less far superior to the cunning thieving gypsy or even some of our own poor "white-trash." In short all Indian blood throughout the United States and Mexico is really worth saving. Although he lacks many things he has things in his make-up which we have not. My observations have led me to believe that Indian blood adds vitality to both the white and black

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races. As Hewitt says in a splendid article in "Art and Archæology" on the "Pueblo Indians," "no psychologist lives who can obtain his intelligence quotient." A careful study of the Indian of the Southwest might give us some hints to cure the evils with which our civilization is afflicted. In lesser degree we might even learn something from the lowly Seminole. To do it one would have to dig for it because he volunteers little and when he does he is usually guided by the desire to please you regardless of accuracy.

As Hewitt says of the Pueblo Indian, "In his own Southwest he is a harmonious element in a landscape that is incomparable in its nobility of color and mass and feeling of the Unchangeable. He never dominates it, as does the European his environment, but belongs there as do the mesas, skies, sunshine, spaces, and the other living creatures. He takes his part in it with the clouds, winds, rocks, plants, birds and beasts, with drum beat and chant and symbolic gesture, keeping time with the seasons, moving in orderly procession with nature, holding to the unity of life in all things, seeking no superior place for himself but merely a state of harmony with all created things—the most rhythmic life, so far as I know, that is lived among the races of men." "Living in a state of harmony with all created things" is a philosophy that the white man could follow with profit. The above applies to the Semi-

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nole only perhaps in lesser degree because his culture is lower than that of the Indians of the Pueblos but away from the open glades and prairies of Florida of which he seems a vital part he acts lost, in fact is lost and will be in time overwhelmed by the preponderance of the whites around him. Although there are no mountains of sand and rock, there are mountains of clouds; instead of the desert sands there are green glades and prairies dotted with glistening lakes and water courses; here and there in the broad expanse are islands of cypress or pine; the cranes, herons and other birds are everywhere but the picture will lose a vital part when the Seminole with his little family in his dug-out canoe quits it forever. Florida is not all mud and sand. She has broad, dry, treeless prairies and miles of pine covered and lake dotted sand hills; a feast for the eyes of any globe trotter, and rocky bluffs on the ocean shore besides its miles of muddy glades and moss-decked swamps. And there too hid away in the swamps of the south are two or three patches of the royal palm, the most majestic of trees, the last of their kind in the U. S. A., passing on like the Seminole into the realm of the past. And there too is the mahogany, the prince of all hardwoods, destined like the flamingo, the parakeet and ibis and many other choice products of nature to pass on with the Seminole. All these and lots of other things that formed the Florida of yesterday must no doubt

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in time fall before the juggernaut of modern progress. We try hard to preserve the old furniture that our ancestors sat and slept in but neglect the things that can never be replaced or even imitated.

"The Seminoles refused to sanction this proceeding of a few of their chiefs. The delegation themselves denied their own act, and declared that they had not signed any paper which required them to relinquish their lands or remove from Florida. They were assured that they would nevertheless be forced to carry out the treaty. Micanopy, old and inert, was little more than a tool in the hands of the bold and crafty half-breed, Oseola, who, though not a chief himself, exerted a controlling influence. The Indians resolved to negotiate, gain time to place their wives and children in safety, secure their crops, and lay in ammunition, but in no case to leave the country. They showed themselves adepts in the arts of diplomacy, and succeeded in putting off any decided action till the spring of 1835. A council was then held, Osceola and eight others agreed to abide by the treaty, and the opening of the next year was fixed upon as the time when the removal should commence. Micanopy, Sam Jones, and three other leading chiefs, refused to agree to this. General Thompson, the Indian agent, therefore struck their names off from the roll of chiefs, declaring them to be no longer counselors of the nation.

"Nothing was farther from the intention of Oseola than to fulfill his agreement to emigrate. He wished to gain time, and above all things, by a display of friendship, to procure arms, powder, and lead. Thompson refused to sell these.

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Oseola, for a moment forgetting himself, broke out into fierce passion. 'Am I a negro,' he said; 'a slave? I am an Indian. The white man shall not make me black. I will make the white man red with blood, and then blacken him in the sun and rain, where the wolf shall smell his bones and the vulture live upon his flesh.' He abused the agent, defied the power of the Government, and was put into irons. A week's confinement gave him time to recollect himself. He professed penitence, and promised to comply with the treaty. All difficulties were now supposed to be ended; the opening of the year 1836 was looked upon as the time when Florida was to be freed from the Indians, and crowds of emigrants stood ready to rush in upon the vacant lands.

"But as summer and autumn wore on abundant proofs appeared that the Indians had no intention of leaving. It afterward appeared that they had solemnly resolved that any one who prepared to remove should die. Charley-e-Mathla, a leading chief, had begun to dispose of his cattle. He was waylaid and shot down. In his handkerchief was a sum of money, which he had received for his cattle. Oseola would not suffer it to be touched. 'It is the blood of the red men,' he said, as he flung it away."

There is no doubt that Ben Bruno the negro was boss. Ben Bruno, by the way, would be a fine name for a negro subdivision. We can preserve these names if nothing more. It is evident that in those days these Indians had herds of cattle and horses. This lasted no doubt as long as they

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had slaves to do the work. A few Indians around Okeechobee have horses but not many and once in a while you will see a squaw riding astride but not often. It is remarkable that Billy Bowlegs knew how to draw the picture of a gun and sign his name. He wore on his breast two medals bearing the likenesses of Presidents Van Buren and Fillmore. This was done no doubt for effect or because he liked the looks of the medals and not because he had any special love for either of these gentlemen. He also wore finger rings and rings in his ears.

The relation of the Indian toward the negro in those days is a matter of interest. The present Indian has apparently no affection or dislike in that direction. He seems to treat both black and white with more or less indifference. It is more than likely that the Seminole is far more mixed than we realize. In addition to a certain admixture of aboriginal Indian and Negro there was no doubt some white blood both Spanish and English. Canova in speaking of some captives says: Among the Indian women "was a girl about ten years of age—a half-breed of Spanish and Seminole—was really pretty. She had an intelligent appearance, an olive brown complexion and long chestnut hair, that would have been the pride and glory of many an English girl. She was hardly less wild and untutored than the herons and egrets that, like her,

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claimed the islands and marshes for a home." He further says that he always entertained the idea the squaws were uncleanly but changed his mind when he saw them souse their pickaninnies into the water many times. These captives were delivered to the Indian agent at Fort Myers and "the women wept bitterly and were inconsolable when they failed to meet their men." This must have been "fine business" for high-class Christian civilized soldiers.

In fact all peoples (including ourselves) are more mixed than we realize. It means very little to divide the world into yellow, black, red and white. It means as little as does color in roses and chickens. Skull measurements alone mean much. The Indian anatomically stands between the white and black. The world is mixing more and more and in time one race may develop. It is not only happening in big melting pots like New York and Honolulu but in remote sections as well. Gann in his book on the Maya Indians of Yucatan (and the Mayas are a superior Indian type) says "that all degrees of racial mixture are to be found between Indian women and European, East Indian, Chinese, and Negro men, who again intermarrying produce a bewildering racial kaleidoscope." The preponderating race gradually absorbs others of all kinds and colors and pure Indian blood is rare except in isolated places. Before the Seminoles came south there were other

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Indians here and although many were moved by the Spaniards to Cuba and Mexico some no doubt remained and joined the Seminoles. There is a colony of mixed Negroes and Seminoles in Texas.

There is a Dade Memorial State Park near Bushnell. It is said that chief Micanopy shot Dade with his own hand. He possessed large herds of cattle and horses and a hundred negro slaves but was indolent, self-indulgent and impotent as a leader. A tribe of Indians called the Tequesta lived in this neighborhood years ago. They are referred to as "a rude and piratical tribe of unknown linguistic affinity, occupying the S.E. Fla. Coast within the present Dade and Monroe Counties in the 16th Century. They were more or less subject to the Calusa, their neighbors on the west." The Calusa was an important tribe. They cultivated the soil to a limited extent and were good fishers, seamen and fighters. Tampa was one of their villages, also Muspa. So far as I know the word "Muspa" as a town name has been overlooked in Florida. Almost all other Indian town names that are pronounceable whether appropriate or not have been freely used. Although the tribe is gone the names survive; in fact the word Calusa is common in several combinations. They were pirates and wreckers like many of the whites who succeeded them. It is said that something like eighty families of this tribe were moved to Cuba

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or Mexico by the Spaniards when Florida was transferred to England. It is more than likely that some remained and mixed with the Seminoles when they moved South. There was apparently a group of Indians called the Miccosukie who up to the time of the Seminole war lived apart from other tribes, plundered their neighbors and were generally disliked and feared by other Indians.

I know the location of the grave of an Indian in one of our college towns. He came from the Far West to get the education of the white man. But it was too much for him. He died of loneliness and homesickness. Nostalgia or homesickness is a terrible disease. It has killed as many soldiers as bullets. It is most severe in those who have been reared in an isolated place with a close circle of relatives and friends. It is not a desire for home altogether, but for the environment of which one is a part. Fear, dread, ignorance and suspicion of the white man entered into it. Although the hut he lived in could be built in a day, the Indian had it, as is strongly evidenced by the acts and words of both Tiger Tail and Coacoochee. The thing that makes nostalgia bitter is compulsion, and this was applied without stint to the Indian.

"Late in December the Indians were ready for action; yet so cunningly were their plans laid that no one suspected an immediate outbreak. Two companies, under Major Dade, had been dispatched

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from Fort Brooke to reinforce the garrison at Fort King.

"The Indians resolved to capture Fort King before their arrival, and then turn upon these reinforcements. Oseola had not forgotten his imprisonment by General Thompson. 'He is *my* friend,' said he, significantly; 'I'll take care of him.' For two days he lay, with sixty warriors, hidden among the palmettoes, in full view of the fort, yet no one suspected their presence. On the afternoon of the 28th of December, General Thompson and Lieutenant Smith walked out from the fort, quietly smoking their cigars. They approached the ambush, and were fired upon. Thompson fell dead, pierced with four-and-twenty bullets; Smith received thirteen. Their scalps were stripped off and divided into minute pieces that each warrior might have a part. Oseola had taken vengeance for the indignity which he had suffered. Meanwhile the main body of the savages had been dogging Dade, who was on his march to the fort. Twice had they postponed their attack to await the return of Oseola, who was watching for his 'friend' Thompson. At last they determined to act without him. Before daybreak on the morning of the 28th, 180 warriors were posted on the road by which the troops would soon advance. Every Indian was concealed behind a tree, and nothing indicated their presence. At nine o'clock the soldiers approached; every man was suffered to pass the extremity of the ambush before the signal was given to fire. Half of the men fell at the first discharge. The soldiers, utterly surprised, fired at random, and did no execution, while the Indians from their coverts picked them off man by man.

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Of the eight officers and one hundred and two men composing the detachment, every officer and ninety-eight men fell upon the spot; another was killed the next day. Only three, all sorely wounded, made their escape. The Indians lost only four or five.

"Great rejoicings were held that night by the Indians. The scalps of the victims were suspended upon a high pole, around which the drunken savages danced until daylight. Oseola had joined his comrades, bringing the trophies of his exploit. Songs were sung ridiculing the whites, and the Indians made themselves merry over laughable imitations of the somewhat peculiar manner and gestures of Thompson.

"Such was the opening scene of the Florida war, which was to cost so much blood and treasure, and to task so severely the skill and energy of our ablest officers. Generals Gaines, Clinch, Scott, Call, Jesup, Macomb, Taylor, Armistead, and Worth, were successively placed in command. For a time it seemed as though a few hundred savages would successfully defy the whole power of the United States. The Indians, indeed, soon found that in open fight they were wholly unable to cope with the whites. They adopted the true policy of scattering themselves in small detachments, striking a sudden blow upon some exposed point, and then taking refuge in the almost inaccessible swamps.

"Against such a foe regular military operations were of no avail. The only course was to track them to their fastnesses, burn their villages, destroy their crops, and reduce them by starvation. Again and again it seemed as though this end was attained. The Indians would then beg for peace,

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promise to surrender, gather at the appointed posts, and receive the promised presents. It would be announced that the 'Florida war was ended'; the volunteers would be disbanded, and the regulars sent away from the unhealthy swamps. Then all at once the Indians would decamp, and the work of hunting them out was to be done over again.

"Still, year by year something was gained. One chief after another was killed or captured, and their bands surrendered, and were sent to Arkansas. Oseola, coming into the camp of General Hernandez, on pretense of treating, was made prisoner, sent to Fort Moultrie, where he died of a broken heart. He had broken truce more than once, and had no right to complain of any want of faith. Coacoochee, or Wild Cat, next after Oseola the most formidable warrior, surrendered. 'I am leaving Florida,' he said; 'it was my home; I loved it; to leave it is like burying my wife and child. But I have thrown away my rifle and taken the hand of the white man, and said to him, "Take care of me."' So band after band had been broken up and sent to Arkansas. The remaining Indians were slowly forced southward toward the impassable Everglades, where they were sorely pressed upon by the enemy."

The statement oft made that a good Indian is a dead Indian is the kind of bosh that thoughtless people like to propagate. I once heard a hosiery salesman give vent to such sentiments on a Pullman car. A few seats away there was a Creek Indian from Oklahoma dressed in khaki who had voluntarily resigned a ten-thousand-dollar-a-



NO-KUSH-ADJO, INSPECTOR GENERAL.



LONG JACK, BILLY BOWLEGS' LIEUTENANT.

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year job to serve his country in the World War. The majority of Indians are capable, but they have been hampered, misunderstood and in many instances fooled and cheated. They need only the right kind of opportunity in order to prosper. The Indian mind, like the mind of the Oriental, is hard to fathom. They are naturally suspicious; they take note of every little thing but are loyal when once their confidence is gained. They have been no doubt guilty of the foulest trickery and treachery in war but this is by no means confined to the Indian. The World War of recent date is proof enough that the white race can stoop to depths of cruelty that render the acts of the fiercest savage mere child's play in comparison. Canova says "Through all the long and bloody strife which preceded the settlement of Florida, no well-grounded tale was ever told of a Seminole putting a captive to death in an unnatural manner. He was none the less heroic or warlike, for his lack of brutality. In war, his first thought was to subdue his enemy at once and forever, with a bullet; the thought of a lingering death was not pleasant to him. The customs and habits of the aborigines of Florida are not such as would grace a parlor or ballroom, but they are by no means repulsive. The wild free life which suits them best, has engendered in them a love of freedom, which they know how to fight for with energy and even with

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dignity." The above is by a man who fought them and judging from his name was no doubt a descendant of the Minorcans who came from the Balearic Islands and settled long ago on the East Coast of Florida.

They practised all kinds of strategy and outwitted the whites at their own game with few resources except their wits. They had to secure from their enemies guns and powder to fight with and it is rare indeed that they have ever been accused of cowardice. Their villages were burnt and their crops destroyed with the hope of reducing them by starvation but this in a measure failed because they lived on the wild fruits and animals. In many instances I have heard they were given liquor and captured while drunk. In short in the treatment of the Indian from the earliest days to the present moment we have little to be proud of and much to repent.

Although to a certain extent he holds aloof, gradual amalgamation is his fate and the American which finally results will be none the worse off from this Indian strain. I presume the children of these chiefs might be classed as princes and princesses. The honor is highly prized by some but being the child or grandchild of Bowlegs, Tiger Tail or Coacoochee counts for little outside the Everglades. American history would be tame without the Indian and I hope the time will never

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come when the American boy forgets to "play Indian." So far these people have punished their own culprits, praised their own heroes, regardless of the white man's laws. Drunkenness is about their worst crime if it may be classed a crime although when they came to town in years past with that in view one member of the party stayed sober to keep the rest out of trouble.

The Indians who lived here before the Seminoles were probably very closely related to the Indians of the West Indies if not the same. According to Dr. H. A. Nicholls in his book on *Dominica* the only pure blood aboriginal West Indians left are in that island. He says "they are now quiet, peaceful and well mannered. . . . They have lost all trace of their double language (for the men used to speak one language while the women spoke another), and occupy their days by fishing, making their celebrated waterproof baskets, and cultivating small plots of West Indian fruits and vegetables." The double language scheme for men and women is too admirable a custom to be allowed to die especially if the men could be kept from knowing what the women said and vice versa.

I have seen what looked like a decided Indian strain in the natives of the mountains of Porto Rico, in fact I have met some natives who claimed to be part Indian. In speaking of the jibaros of Porto Rico Mr. La Gorce in a recent article in

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the National Geographic Magazine says: "The rural laboring native is known as 'jibaro,' which literally means 'escape from civilization.' Good-natured, reconciled to a hard lot and a precarious existence, a mixture of Indian and Spaniard, he combines the care-free ideals of the Redskin and the impetuous temperament of the Spaniard." "The jibaro inherits his name from the distant past. After Columbus discovered the island and Ponce de Leon awakened it, a gold fever brought many adventurers, who impressed the Indians into service. Those natives who could escape fled to the interior, away from their slave-driving masters." "Some of the pioneering Spaniards made homes for themselves with native women, by whom they had numerous children. These all too often were turned adrift." "Out of diverse types and races has been bred the jibaro." The same is probably true of the other islands of the West Indies. The Spanish and especially the Indian peoples are so strong in Central America and Mexico that other peoples such as the Americans and northern Europeans are quickly absorbed without producing any very appreciable effects. There are parts of Mexico and Central America where the Indians are still as wild as they ever were. We read stories of how the natives were all killed by invaders, but it is safe to assume that the men were killed outright or worked to death but I doubt if the

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women were killed. One of the main things old Cortez did was to marry an Indian and she proved to be a very true, wise and valuable consort.

The story of the Seminole is repeated a hundred times in the affairs of the world. A bunch of men with their women seek a distant island or secluded spot where they can do as they please. Mankind is constantly seeking to get away from the restraints which naturally form in thickly settled communities. They name their new homes with this in mind such as the Island of Eleuthera and the term Eleutheromania has been coined to mean a crazy zeal for freedom. All goes well for a time until other people come who also want to do as they please and spread their sovereignty over it and take possession in the name of the Lord and the Crown. And as the story goes they fall on their knees and then on the aborigines and then in thanks on their knees again.

"The name of Billy Bowlegs appears only rarely during the first three years of the war, and then only incidentally as a sub-chief under Sam Jones. His first exploit took place in July, 1839. General Macomb, then the commander in Florida, had made an arrangement with Sam Jones, who was by this time considered a leading chief, in virtue of which certain limits were temporarily assigned beyond which the Indians should not pass, and within which they should be protected. Colonel Harney was sent to establish a trading-post for their convenience. His company, of thirty men, was en-

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camped in an open barren near the Caloosahatchee River. The Indians visited the camp day after day in the most friendly manner. All suspicion was disarmed, and not even a sentinel was posted to guard against treachery. At daybreak on the morning of the 22nd of July two hundred Indians, headed by Bowlegs, attacked the camp. The surprise was complete. The men, suddenly aroused from sleep, made no resistance. Those who were not murdered in their beds fled to the river, and were shot down in the water. Harney himself escaped by swimming off to a fishing-smack anchored some distance down the river. Of his thirty men twenty-four were slain.

"From this time the influence of Bowlegs began to increase. Sam Jones, who was said to be ninety years old, was feeble and inert. He was formally deposed from the chieftainship, and Bowlegs was put in his place. The dignity was hardly worth the having. The band now numbered scarcely two hundred and fifty souls, of whom only eighty were warriors. The new chiefs saw that further resistance was useless, and, after sending an emissary to ascertain what proposals for peace would be favorably received, he made his appearance at headquarters, fully authorized to treat.

"Our government had in the meanwhile grown weary of employing an army to hunt down a few scattered savages. President Tyler, in his Message of May 10, 1842, had said that 'the further pursuit of these miserable beings by a large military force seems to be as injudicious as it is unavailing. Notwithstanding the vigorous exertions of our troops, the Indian mode of warfare, their dispersed condition, and the very smallness of their

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number, which increases the difficulty of finding them in the abundant and almost inaccessible hiding-places, render any further attempts to secure them by force impracticable, except by the employment of the most expensive means.'

"Both parties being weary of the contest, terms were soon agreed upon. A narrow district was temporarily assigned to the Indians as a planting and hunting ground, and on the 14th of August, 1842, it was formally announced that the war in Florida was at an end, and Billy Bowlegs was recognized as the head chief of the Seminoles remaining in Florida.

"This seven years' inglorious war had cost much blood and treasure. The regular troops engaged had averaged something more than three thousand men during the whole period. More than twenty thousand volunteers had been brought into the field from the different States. The records of the War Department contain the names of fifteen hundred and fifty-eight officers and soldiers of the regular army who were killed in action or died of wounds received or diseases contracted in Florida. The losses of the volunteers can not be known. Besides the cost of the regular army, nineteen and a half millions of dollars were paid to the militia and volunteers, and as indemnity for losses sustained by citizens. The whole costs of the war can not be estimated at less than forty millions of dollars, and three thousand lives. The number of Indian warriors killed and sent to Arkansas hardly exceeded fifteen hundred. Each of these, therefore, must have cost the country two lives, and more than twenty-five thousand dollars.

"The peace thus concluded between King Billy

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and the United States continued unbroken for a dozen years and more. At length, something more than eighteen months ago, paragraphs began to make their appearance in the papers announcing the re-opening of the Florida war. Hostilities had again broken out between the King of the Everglades and the Model Republic. Then General Harney was sent to meet his old opponent; but before anything serious had taken place, we find him transferred to more important duties in the Northwest. Then came news of obscure skirmishes and loss of life. Then it was reported that our new President, Buchanan, reversing the policy of the farmer who 'found a rude boy in his apple-tree,' after exhausting the force of grass, tried what virtue there was in stones, had resolved to try what effect fair words, money, and whisky would have in inducing the indomitable Billy to leave his Florida home. At last, under date of May 8, 1858, came 'General Orders, No. 4,' from the 'Head-quarters of the Department of Florida,' announcing that the war was closed."

This little article on Billy Bowlegs has already carried me far afield. As the old forester Matthews once said in the preface to his book on Naval Timber, "If the public lose time unprofitably over my pages, I consider the blame attachable to them, not to me. A writer does not obtrude as a speaker does, but merely places his thoughts within reach." When a speaker hands out platitudes there is danger of arrest and imprisonment in the use of decayed vegetables and

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eggs but in the case of a book a man can abuse it as much as he likes and if need be destroy it.

The squaw-man and the half-breed have always been held in more or less contempt. Half-breeds are usually rated as bad actors. With bad father and bad mother in bad surroundings the result is almost certain but the world is full of half-breeds of all kinds and descriptions and in the U.S.A., even if we are not all equal, we are all entitled to equal opportunity. Liberty, opportunity, and especially opulence are quick in action. Color prejudice fades away in the presence of ability and especially wealth. The Seminole in the Everglades is very much as he always was but out in Oklahoma some of his brothers ride in limousines and have fat money rolls. They have in many instances schooled themselves to think and act as the white man thinks and acts. They are, however, at heart Indians. There is no better dressed man on the streets of Miami than Willie-Willie, the Seminole. He may be an exception but there is little the Indian would adopt of the white man's ways if he could have his way. They resist amalgamation but in time they give way. The Indian is simple in his needs, sincere in his religion and naturally honest. Much of this he of course loses when he merges with the whites.

I once read in an old newspaper (*The Southern Sun* of Palatka) that hostilities began anew when

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either surveyors or soldiers stole bananas from the camp of Billy Bowlegs.

Since the main Seminole War there were two outbreaks—one in 1849 and the other in 1855. The last was really due to a surveyor in the Big Cypress who stole Billy Bowlegs' bananas and ruthlessly trampled on the plants out of sheer bravado and meanness. They refused to make good the loss and shots followed. The engineer was badly wounded, Indians went on the warpath and soldiers hunted Indian men, women and children as they would bear or panther. A bounty of \$500 was placed on the heads of warriors and \$250 each on children and women. Canova who was an Indian hunter says in his book on Florida, after they had captured some women and children: "The women although badly frightened, remained sullen and silent, but the pickaninnies set up a howl that would have done credit to a horde of young hyenas. The poor creatures had been fearfully cut and lacerated, by running through the tall sawgrass." They had been ruthlessly moved from their little clearing on an island in the Everglades where "fine corn, beans, and pumpkins were growing underneath the live-oaks."

I once heard from reliable sources that Billy Bowlegs just before deportation from Florida, in the house of a soldier picked up the soldier's baby and rushed away with it to show to his women.

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His royal highness might have been shot but for fears of injuring the child. He was soon overtaken. He had probably never seen a white baby before at close range and in innocent and childish elation unceremoniously grabbed it to show his women and slaves.

I have recently had the pleasure of spending a couple of days with the present Billy Bowlegs. He says he is sixty years old and is the grandson of the Billy Bowlegs of Seminole War fame. Although not very talkative he is far less taciturn than the common run of Indians. He has the reputation of being a pretty good Indian. He goes on long journeys afoot throughout the southern part of this state, walking twenty-five or thirty miles a day. He was very much amused when I called him a "tourist." He told me that Okeechobee City was his post-office. He had his teeth filled with gold. He took most excellent care of his dog. His dog was a real Indian dog and apparently understood no English and had the same quiet sleuthful and reticent character of the Indian. He bought meat for his dog and prepared for him a fine bed of Florida moss under our automobile. He said his two horses were dead but that he still had two wagons. He owned a canoe, a gun, a blanket and some household utensils. A very few dollars would buy all his worldly possessions. His dog, canoe and gun practically constituted his

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estate. His dog was evidently his best friend and constant companion and his family if he had any gave him very little concern. He said he had no squaws at present and from the way he said it, I inferred he was glad of it. He had a single-barrel shot gun of inexpensive make which he prized very highly. He had no desire for any superfluous clothing; he ate very little and with raccoon hides at more than two dollars each he could live from day to day with no worries and slight privation. By eating sparingly, by walking long distances in the open air, and by keeping away from the contagions of cities he will probably live to a ripe old age and finally curl up and die under the palmettoes on some little Everglade island and if found be buried with some of his belongings without any doctor's or undertaker's bills to pay or any bother over wills or inheritance taxes.

Although he seemed very much civilized in some respects; I am sure he would not steal and if he promised to meet you at a certain point at a certain time he would be there. He said he raised a few vegetables now and then but hunting was his business. Lots of white men have gone into this business in Florida and talk more of their dogs and guns than they do of their families. Just as a boy in the process of growth passes through the various stages of culture through which the race has passed so does the white man under proper

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conditions quickly revert in the same way. The wild life of the glades which persisted in great abundance during Indian times quickly vanishes when the white man takes hold. The Indian never kills just for the fun of it. He kills for food or for money with which to buy food. The pot-hunter has good reason for killing but the man who kills for fun is in a class by himself even if he is white.

The whole of South Florida should be one big bird sanctuary. All hunting should be stopped. Tropical birds would come here in great quantities and bird lovers would come here to live from all parts of the world. Hunting gives pleasure to only a small portion of the population. Wild bird life like beautiful plant life gives pleasure to every normal person.

Billy Bowlegs when not acting as a guide collects otter, raccoon and alligator skins for the market. I think he resembles the picture of his grandfather and is on the whole an improvement on his distinguished ancestor.

I have not seen much of the Chief Tiger Tail in print. The story is told that rather than be deported he pounded glass into powder and drank it with water and died in consequence.

The following is Canova's account of the death of Tiger Tail: "Amongst our captives was Tiger Tail. He was determined not to leave Florida

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alive, and committed suicide while at Myers in a horrible manner. The morning they were to leave, he procured a quantity of glass which he pounded fine, and swallowed in a glass of water. While the guards were taking him down to the dock where the steamer lay waiting, he told Sampson the negro interpreter, that he was going to die. At the same time he asked the guards to let him lie down, which they permitted him to do. Spreading his pallet upon the ground, he laid himself on it and in a few minutes, with the Indian's stoical indifference to the pain he suffered, and to the approach of death, he died. His daughter was with him, and when he breathed his last she threw herself upon his dead body, wailing so piteously that the bystanders, men used as they were to death and sorrow, could not keep back their tears.

Tiger Tail was buried at Fort Myers in the land he loved better than his own life. Whatever his faults were he was a brave chief, and valiantly defended the land in which he was born, and which he felt was his birthright, and it was fitting that he should find his last resting place in its bosom, where all, red men and white are the same when they sleep the sleep that knows no waking in this world."

A tall monument should be reared in memory of the man who died rather than leave the state of Florida. When a man is so fond of his native

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land that he would rather be dead than live elsewhere is an advertisement for the land of palms that would be hard to rival. The name Tiger Tail is still common with the Seminoles and one Icha Tiger Tail, the little daughter of Jack Tiger Tail who was murdered on the Miami River not long ago, died recently in a Miami hospital and was buried in the City Cemetery.

Although there are hardly more than five hundred Indians in South Florida there was a time no doubt when it supported a much larger population. There are evidences on all sides. Kitchenmiddens containing many potsherds and other Indian remains are common. These pots were brought from elsewhere since there is no clay in the southern part of this state fit for pottery. Here and there are big mounds and other evidences of these people of the past. Here and there are piles of shells on the shore where they feasted year after year on oysters, conchs and other shell fish. In one place I know of there is a little round, apparently artificial harbor, surrounded on all sides by piles of shells. It is easy to picture these canoes in a circle on the beach and the Indians on the crest eating oysters much larger than those of to-day.

In the hammocks, which are patches of dense tropical hardwoods, there are usually signs of old Indian habitations and it is more than likely that these were at one time clearings where they raised

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their meagre crops. Their agriculture was very crude. It is rather remarkable that the aborigines of South Florida and West Cuba were not of a higher type. In their canoes they passed from Cuba to the peninsula of Florida but there seems little or no evidence of any communication with Yucatan. Channel to Cuba is about the same as civilization developed. The distance across the Yucatan channel to Cuba is about the same as that across the Straits of Florida. In a straight line from Key West to Cape Catoche on the coast of Yucatan the distance is less than four hundred miles. Key West is nearer to Yucatan than it is to Jacksonville. About sixty-five miles west of Key West are the Dry Tortugas. The currents flow this way and I have seen a canoe washed on the shore of the Florida Keys direct from Yucatan with the owner's coat, water bottle and fishing gear apparently just as he had left them. An old letter bearing his name and address was in his coat.

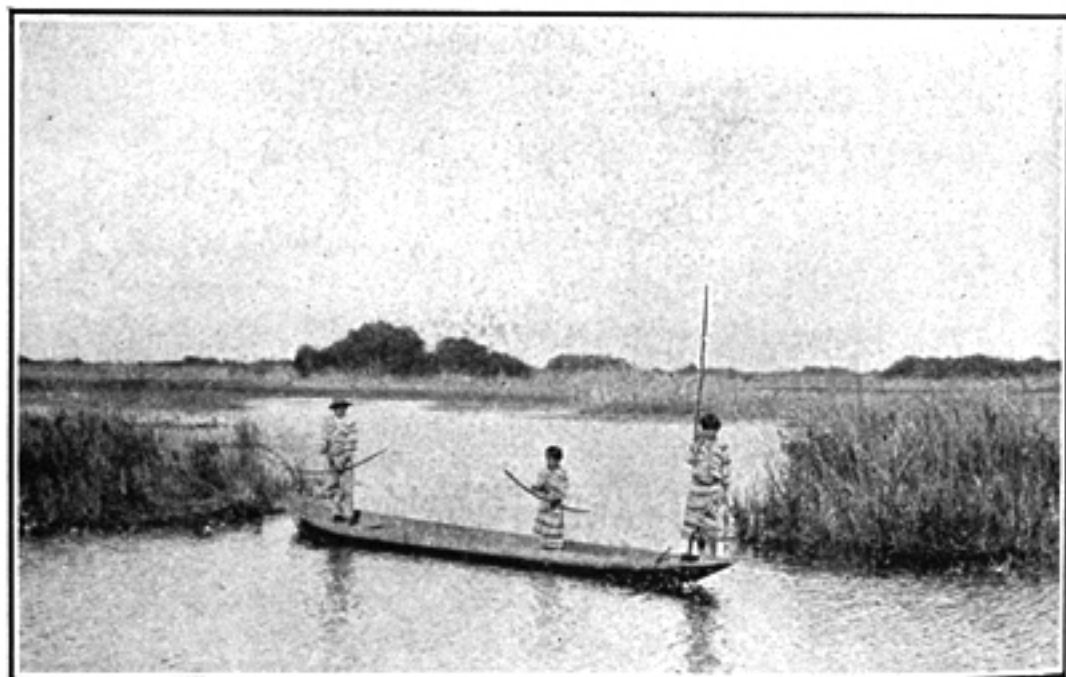
I have often wondered why some of the big captains of industry have not built a railroad to Panama by way of Florida, Cuba and Yucatan. A ferry from the west end of Cuba to Yucatan would be no greater task than the connection from Key West to Havana. Such a line would shorten the distance to Panama by many hours and although I cannot pass on the practicality of such



BEN BRUNO, NEGRO SLAVE AND FAVORITE.



A SEMINOLE FAMILY CAMPING BY THE WAYSIDE.



YOUNG INDIANS ON A HUNT.

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a venture it would link together and render accessible some of the most fruitful and beautiful countries of the Western Hemisphere. The same might apply to a trunk-line to Porto Rico through Cuba, Haiti and San Domingo. In fact the West Indies, north coast of South America and Central America comprising what is often called the "American Mediterranean" is in my opinion unrivalled throughout the world in matters of interest and beauty—scientific, scenic, historic, geographic or almost any other viewpoint.

The word "Osceola" (the author of this article spells it Oseola) comes from Asi-yaholo, the black drink halloer, from "asi," the black drink and "yaholo," the long-drawn-out cry sung by the attendant while each man in turn is drinking. This sounds like college boys' play in some beer cellar but it was a very serious ceremony with the Indian. This black drink above referred to was made from the leaves of *Ilex Cassine*, a beautiful species of holly common close to the seashore in Fla. and the Carolinas. Indians came many miles to get it. It was used as a purge and emetic to purify the body and clear the mind before councils or ceremonies of various kinds. It would be a good idea if some of our white solons and counselors would purge themselves in the same way before inflicting their useless and foolish laws upon us. Recent investigations show that the plant contains caffeine

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and produces a beverage similar in its effects to coffee and tea. It resembles the "mate" of South America to which it is very closely related. Caffeine in this form does not seem injurious and since it is our best brain stimulant the use of it ought to be encouraged. This holly called Cassina grows in abundance in the sands close to the sea. It forms a beautiful hedge and should be extensively planted in such places as a wind break.

This brings us to the question of the great desirability of studying the various native plants that these Indians used for food and other purposes. All this information might be secured before they become too much civilized. Since the use of aniline dyes I presume they have already forgotten the sources of their old time dye stuffs. Many of these plants are no doubt of great value and all the knowledge these Indians have accumulated in reference to them through close contact over many years would be lost. In acquiring information from the Indian it is my experience that this questioning must be very carefully and casually done. He is anxious to please, especially if paid for it, and dislikes opposing or contradicting a white man and will give you the answer that he thinks you want regardless of its correctness.

To return to Oseola. His grandfather was a Scotchman. He did not show his Scotch blood when he took the money that Charley-e-Mathla had

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received from the sale of his cattle and flung it away. Probably he watched where it fell and later rescued it. It is said that the peculiar and striking method of dress of the present Seminole was copied from the Scotch. It is interesting to note that the dress of the Seminoles as shown in these illustrations from *Harper's Weekly* is unlike the dress of to-day and very similar to the dress of other American Indians. The Seminole of to-day is barelegged and barefooted. He is often referred to as the Semi-nude Seminole. In early days he wore buckskin breeches and moccasins. The Seminole buys a bolt of cotton cloth, cuts it into strips, dyes these strips different colors and then sews them all together again to make any combination of colors that might suit his or her fancy. It is quite possible that this is an imitation of the Scotch plaid. Anyway the effect is similar. Overalls and other American clothes are gradually replacing their old picturesque dress. The latest stunt is to have Seminole Indians for golf caddies. Their fondness for Scotch whisky is well established and if they could be taught to play the bag-pipe and acquire some Scotch thrift their future would be forever assured. I have heard it said that the cross between a Scotchman and a negro is very successful because the negro is always happy when he has a dollar and the Scotchman always has one. The Scotch blood no

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doubt added to the vigor, bravery and shrewdness of Oseola and possibly in slight degree to the thrift of his descendants.

It is easy to see how a hungry man could soon learn to eat raw oysters but how the Seminole ever managed to discover the value of koonti starch as a food is more of a problem. In its raw state this plant is deadly poisonous and yet for many years it has been the mainstay of these people and of the early white settlers. It is a beautiful fern-like plant of the sago family. It grows in the highland sand and rocks in spite of fire and other drawbacks. Its turnip-like root is full of starch but also of poison. The root is pounded in a trough made from a log. The starch settles to the bottom and is washed to free it from fibre and poison. If an animal drinks the water from these washings he soon swells up and dies in agony. Once thoroughly clean, this starch makes a very palatable and nutritious biscuit quite equal to arrowroot. Koonti or comptie starch factories are still in operation in this state and the Bahamas. The refuse is rich in nitrogen and was used years ago to mulch and fertilize fruit trees. It grows naturally throughout the pinewoods and afforded an ample natural food supply as long as the land remained in a wild state. It will not grow in lands subject to the slightest flooding. It probably secures its nitrogen directly from the air in

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the soil the same as do the legumes. It should be preserved, improved and cultivated before it too becomes a thing of the past. Its leaves are valuable for decorative purposes and in many other ways it is one of the most interesting of all the tropical or semi-tropical plants which grow in South Florida.

No doubt the most notable difference in the character of South Florida from the days of the early Indians to the present time is due to the change in the nature of the vegetation since the advent of the white man. The gorgeous beauty of these tropical plants, rendered possible of course by the climate, and accessible by good highways, is really one of the greatest if not our greatest asset. One by one they have been introduced by plant lovers with the help of the Federal and State governments from foreign lands and have gradually become so well established that we forget they were once mostly strangers. It is only when we go out in the pine woods or glades away from the homes of men that we realize how much has been done and to what extent the landscape has been changed. In draining the low lands, irrigating the high lands and planting these vegetable treasures from all parts of the world man has modified the surface of the earth far more than he realizes. This offsets in a way but does not excuse the neglect of many of our native valuable plants, some of which like many of our wild animals are

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on the road to extinction. Among all these introduced trees the cocopalms is probably the most striking. There are some who argue that this palm like the royal palm has always been here. This seems to me hardly likely since there is no mention of it in the earliest writings on this subject that I have seen. It was probably introduced by the Spaniards to furnish oil for their lamps and lighthouses. In mentioning this wonderful palm which has become such a striking feature in our landscape I cannot refrain from quoting the words of O'Brien in his *Mystic Isles of the South Seas*: "To me there is an inexpressible sentiment in the presence of these cocopalms. They are the symbol of the simplicity and singleness of the eternal summer of the tropics; the staff and gonfalons of the dominion of the sun. My heart leaps at their sight when long away. They are the dearest result of seed and earth. I drink their wine and esteem dwelling in their sight a rare communion with the best of nature."

There is a small tree or bush that grows abundantly on the sea coast and on islands in the Everglades. It is the cocoplum. Andrew Canova writes that when he was hunting Seminoles these cocoplum fruits were a boon to the soldiers. In speaking of them he says: "There are two varieties—the black and the white cocoplum—and the fruit is about the size of a greengage plum. The

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pulp is very sweet and good and very refreshing. After the pulp has been eaten, the seed is cracked, and inside is found a substance that resembles chocolate very closely, both in taste and appearance."

Canova's description of the glades is quoted below. He crossed it afoot with other soldiers and the help of boats many years ago: "Standing on the edge of the Everglades, we could look each way, and discern the line of demarkation as plainly as ever was seen in a field or lake. The confines of the great morass ran in almost a straight line north and south, and melted away into the dim distance on each side of us. At our feet lay a warm, reeking mass of water and decaying vegetation, and around us stood myrtle and cocoplum trees laden with fruit. An intense silence pervaded the whole scene. Far ahead of us we could see the white heron and the roseate spoonbill, expanding their wings in the warm sunlight, but they uttered no sound. A solitary flamingo spread his scarlet pinions in the air, and slowly wended his flight to the south, at last looking like a blazing red star, sinking into the horizon of the saw-grass and myrtle."

To return to the question of the purity of blood of the Indians of Florida it is safe to say that they were very much mixed. Here is a state with many hundreds of miles of coast line with countless

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bays and rivers, pointing southward into the West Indies a distance close to five hundred miles. It is practically the oldest inhabited section of white settlers in the U.S.A. Many wanderers came here as colonists from all parts of the world year after year long ago, not to mention the wrecks on the coast. There were white renegades as well as blacks and Seminoles hiding here and there in the countless safe retreats which it afforded.

While on a visit to the famous Gulf Hammock in Western Florida lately I met a family who called themselves "Croatan" and seemed very proud of their purity of blood although the granddaughter showed signs of negro admixture. These Croatans came from North Carolina and according to the Bureau of Ethnology they number approximately five thousand. In other words there are ten times more Croatans in North Carolina than there are Seminoles in Florida. They were classed as negroes but resented this so strongly that "their claim was officially recognized and they were given a separate legal existence under the title of "Croatan Indians," on the theory of descent from Raleigh's lost colony of Croatan. Under this name they now have separate school provision and are admitted to some privileges not accorded to the negroes. The theory of descent from the lost colony may be regarded as baseless, but the name itself serves as a convenient label for a people

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who combine in themselves the blood of the wasted native tribes, the early colonists or forest rovers, the runaway slaves or other negroes, and probably also of stray seamen of the Latin races from coasting vessels in the West Indian or Brazilian trade. (A novel by Mary Johnston called "Croatan" is based on Raleigh's lost colony in North Carolina). Across the line in South Carolina are found a people, evidently of similar origin, designated "Redbones." In portions of North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee are found the so-called "Melungeons" (probably from French *Melange*, "mixed" or "Portuguese," apparently an offshoot from the Croatan proper, and in Delaware the "Moors." All of these are local designations for people of mixed race with an Indian nucleus differing in no way from the present mixed-blood remnants known as Pamunkey, Chickahominy, and Nansemond Indians in Virginia, excepting in the more complete loss of their identity. In general, the physical features and complexion of the persons of this mixed stock incline more to the Indian than to the white or negro."

The above might apply more or less to the Seminole as well as to the Croatan. The word Seminole means "run away" or "renegade" and comes from the Creek language. They call themselves "Ikaninuksalgi" meaning people at the point of the land. The word Seminole has been well

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worked in Florida. A county is named for them, also hotels, cafes, clubs and corporations of various kinds throughout the state.

Some of the Seminole towns had awful names such as *Chohalaboohhulka*, *Hatchcalomocha*, *Totalahoeetska*, and *Withlacocheetalofa* while others were known by such English names as Bowlegs Town, Buckerwoman's Town, Mulatto Girl's Town and Negro Town, the last two names sort of indicating that the negro was in control or in preponderance in those places. Seminole names are no worse than other Indian names. Although many are simple and very euphonious others are impossible for the Anglo-Saxon. Certain common Mexican words such as Tlaxcala and Ixtacamaxtiban are difficult for some and I know one man who said he could not travel in Central America or Mexico because he could not spell, pronounce or remember the names of the places that he wanted to visit.

The Bureau of Ethnology of our Government is authority for the following relating to the purity of the Seminoles in Oklahoma: "A large proportion of negro blood exists in many tribes, particularly in those formerly residing in the Gulf States, and among the remnants scattered along the Atlantic Coast from Massachusetts southward. The Five Civilized Tribes of Oklahoma, having been slaveholders and surrounded by Southern influences,

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generally sided with the South in the Civil War. On being again received into friendly relations with the Government they were compelled by treaty to free their slaves and admit them to equal Indian citizenship. In 1905 there were 20,619 of these adopted negro citizens in these five tribes, besides all degrees of admixture in such proportions that the census takers are frequently unable to discriminate. The Cherokee as a body have refused to intermarry with their negro citizens, but among the Creeks and the Seminole intermarriage has been very great. The Pamunkey, Chicahominy, Marsh-pee, Narraganset, and Gay Head remnants have much negro blood, and conversely there is no doubt that many of the broken coast tribes have been completely absorbed by the negro race."

When the trees are all turpented and cut, when even the moss on the trees has all been gathered and sold for the stuffing of cushions and mattresses, when the cattle are tick-infested and of little value and fires have reduced the land to a useless scrub and when the agricultural crop consists mainly of cane to produce syrup for the manufacture of liquor, white, negro and Indian are all on the same plane. They easily revert to a very primitive state, all freely mingle, all "tote" guns and are all naturally vindictive toward anything that stands in their way. The white is of course the worst. He falls hardest because he falls farthest.

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Under-nourishment or improper food and the ravages of hookworm aggravate the situation. The white more than the negro or Indian seems nervously afflicted. When a cracker feeds his family on alligator tails and the tips of cabbage palms he is looked down upon although his family probably profits by it. Other reptiles such as iguana and terrapin and even cabbage palm tips are considered great delicacies when served in fashionable restaurants. Men are now engaged in gathering these tips. They are carefully prepared, canned and sold at a high price although it seems shameful to kill a cabbage palm which grows so slowly for a pot of cabbage. Clumps of these palms on the horizon are of great beauty but their trunks are useful for piling and also for brush fibre and their seeds are useful for a healthful soft drink and as a medicine in addition to the cabbage. Their thick foliage forms a safe retreat for wild birds. Fortunately they are still abundant but the piles of cabbage tips one sometimes sees by the road-side mean that it too will some day be exhausted. Where the cabbage palm grows is also a sign of good land which will also hasten its extinction. To revert to the subject of race mixture we commonly hear that social and moral laws will stop it, we hear learned men in public speeches say there is no melting pot in this country, that the various races and types of people in the U.S.A. are keeping to

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themselves, developing their own national traits, etc., and that a mingling of the races of the world because of the public sentiment against it will never happen. But it has happened and is happening and in spite of all laws social or moral will continue to happen. Great numbers of Portuguese settled in New England and California and have become an inseparable part of our population. Trace this blood back to Europe and you are liable to find all kinds of African strains. In time a pure Anglo-Saxon will be uncommon on the streets of our big cities if it is not so already. New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco are ethnic composites harder to guess than any cross-word puzzle.

Back of all social laws and customs and beliefs is fundamental biologic law. Even a constitutional amendment may have little effect. It has never yet given either the Indian or the negro equal rights. We unjustly bar Mongolians from entering this country but admit peoples who are their inferiors and who may have heavy strains of Mongolian blood in their veins.

Although social grounds may slacken or modify the pace the result in time will be about the same. The world will never know the numbers of slaves absorbed by ancient Greece and Rome and their descendants are here mixing with what is already here. Race prejudice is a very potent biologic factor. In fact it is the basic cause of many of

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our bloodiest wars. With the increase of means of communication over the face of the earth the races of men are being unified in the great melting pots of the world. Finance is international and if finance is that way everything else will be the same way in the course of time. The world is nothing if it is not mixed. Many believe with lots of reason that the only hope for peace in the Old World is to mix them all together into a United States of Europe or the United States of Asia or if possible the United States of the whole World without race or religious prejudice.

North Americans may have their ideas along this line and may maintain them among their class and in their own sections but they fail to apply to Mexico, Central America, South America or the West Indies or Africa or Asia. In fact our own little Island of Hawaii is inhabited by one of the most mixed populations in the world. There is no way to unscramble scrambled eggs and the World will go on mixing more and more and there is no help for it.

There is hardly such a thing as purity of blood. We call a certain breed of chickens "pure blood" although it may be a combination of a dozen breeds. As a noted poet once said a man is an omnibus in which his ancestors ride and it is more than likely that the bluest of the blue may have stray passengers. Every old family has had its

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black sheep and pirates, buccaneers and adventurers have left countless mestizos behind them in the remotest corners of the globe while invading armies have often almost completely changed the character of the population of a nation. The people who survive on this earth will be those who are the hardest and most prolific regardless of race or color.

The Indian has not been killed off by bullets, or rum or the white man's diseases as much as is claimed. Some were dying out before the white man landed but many have been gradually absorbed by the incoming peoples of all kinds.

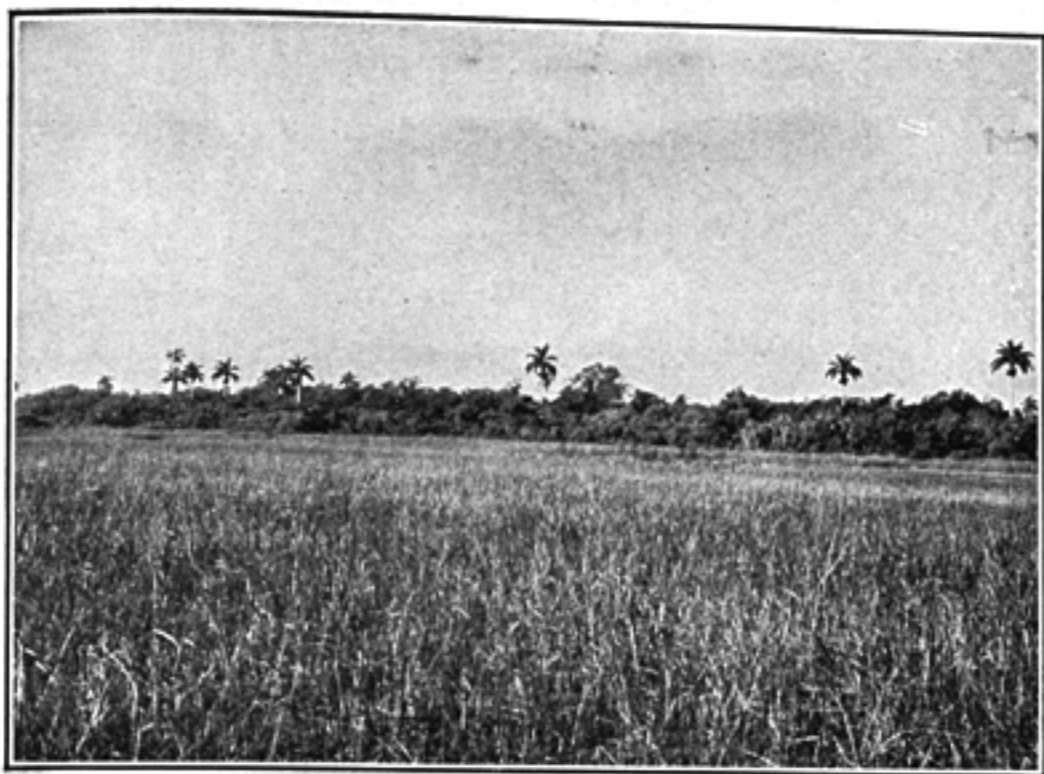
There are many who believe with reason that the primordial color of man is a good rich mahogany brown and that both black and white are off-colors. This is the color of a good healthy Indian. This is the color that a white man assumes when exposed to wind and sun. The great Aryan Race to which we belong includes some Asian peoples who are as black as night. The name Aryan is supposed to mean excellent or honorable. The greatest of human virtues is no doubt charity in its broadest sense and we can put it to no better use than in our relations with other peoples who although different from us in many ways may not be inferior. The civilization of the Indian may be as near sound and right as ours. It all depends upon the point of view. Although the greatest

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study of man is no doubt man, it is at the same time naturally the most difficult. As I have said before no man has ever yet fathomed the mind of an Indian.

There is one thing sure—he is a true American. Back many thousands of years he has lived here. He is a product of this environment. Compared to him we are green new-comers. The strain of Indian blood that he will finally leave with us will do us no harm and probably a lot of good. Mexico is really an Indian country. The Spaniards with their guns, diseases and vices have done their best to subjugate it but the Indians have been so numerous and vigorous that they have absorbed countless immigrants of all kinds and still remain mainly Indians. It is difficult even to guess the thousands of Americans who have been absorbed in the Mexican population. Anyway the Indian predominates there to such extent that there is no danger of his extinction for long times to come. There are Indians there who look Mongolian. Maybe their ancestors came East from Asia via the Behring Straits. The Eskimo is strongly Mongolian. While Russia owned our Northwest it is safe to say that many Mongolians entered it from Asia.

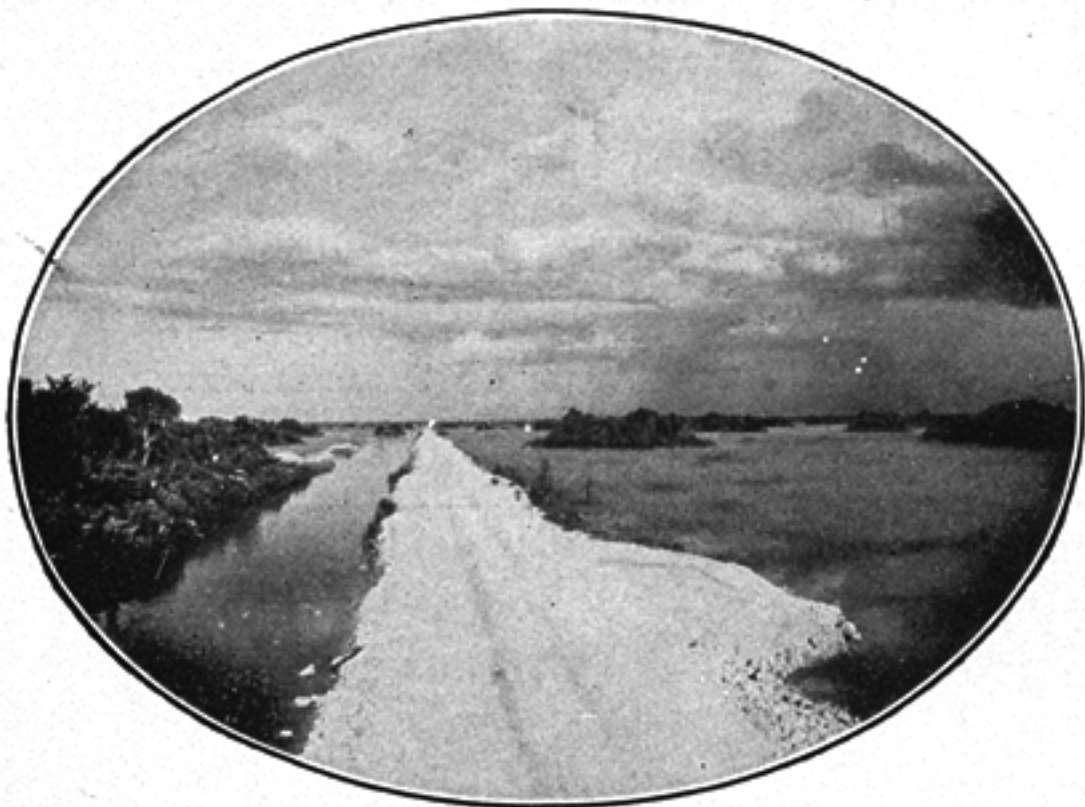
Anyway any one who has visited the Indian ruins of Central America and Mexico realizes that they at one time developed a civilization quite equal



NATIVE ROYAL PALMS ON PARADISE KEY.



INDIAN WOMAN POUNDING COMPTIE.



A SCENE IN THE EVERGLADES.

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to their contemporaries anywhere throughout the world. Many distinguished men in North America have been or are of either pure or mixed Indian blood and I have yet to find the person among them who was not proud of it.

In conclusion let me add a few words in reference to one of their most important if not the most important of all Seminole ceremonies—the GREEN CORN DANCE. It was of course much more than a dance. It was a solemn annual religious festival of the Creek Indians but similar to many of the festivals that most peoples of the world celebrate. They purge themselves with various herbs, wash themselves, start new fires, rid themselves of sin and filth, repent and start afresh with all kinds of little ceremonies each with a potent meaning. It seems to be a sort of combination of New Years, Salt-water-day, Spring-house-cleaning, Camp-meeting, etc. They seem to be trying to rid themselves of sin by doing all sorts of stunts except whipping themselves as do the Flagellantes of New Mexico. Bartram says when a town celebrates the busk (from Creek *puskita*, a fast), having previously provided themselves with new clothes, new pots, pans, and other household utensils and furniture, they collect all their worn-out clothes and other despicable things, sweep and cleanse their houses, squares, and the whole town of their filth, which with all the remaining grain and other old

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provisions, they cast together into one common heap and consume it with fire. After having taken medicine, and fasted for three days, all the fire in the town is extinguished. During this fast they abstain from the gratification of every appetite and passion whatever. A general amnesty is proclaimed, all malefactors may return to their town, and they are absolved from their crimes, which are now forgotten, and they are restored to favor.

According to this there is fasting and pardoning of criminals and forgiveness of sins followed by feasting and rejoicing over the fruits of the year because the new year begins when the crops mature in late summer. They start with new pots and new clothes and new fire. It is really a remarkable institution because it combines in one at least half a dozen ceremonies, religious and otherwise, that the civilized peoples of the world indulge in to-day. I have never seen this dance but have heard and read much about it but am sure the significance of much that happens during these days of fasting and purging and feasting is known only to the Indian.

I was impressed with the following words of Canova in his description of the preparation of this great Green Corn Dance of the Seminole:

“Great piles of compti had been dug and washed; many cabbage palm trees were slaughtered, and the snow-white buds prepared for the pot. A spot of ground was selected in the shadiest part of the

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hammock, where three giant-bodied live oaks leaned their great arms together, and a large space of ground under the trees was divested of its growth of palmettoes and bushes and swept clean. A fire of rich pine knots and oak-limbs was built in the center, and after a while there was a deep bed of live coals. The women came in from the fields, laden with green corn, which they husked and placed in the embers to roast, while the old men held secret councils together, and skinned the deer and wild hogs brought in by the young warriors. From the dark recesses of the Coontee-sassaholober, the ancient warriors came, bearing venison and bear meat on their shoulders; from the islands of Okeechobee, and the heron-tenanted prairies and hammocks of the great Coonteseemappollawah and Saffajeechojee's Town, the dusky red legions came trooping to the scene of festivity."

If the Green Corn Dance could be exactly reproduced in all its details in the movies or staged as a pageant in Florida, true to life, it would be well worth travelling many miles to see.

"The things you learn from the yellow
and brown
Will help you a lot with the white."

THE END